

Kiss Me Slowly by Luddleston

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Summary:

Lance has been with Shiro for three months, and it's great—Shiro's his dream guy, and he's probably the sweetest person and best boyfriend ever, but there's one thing.

Lance can't figure out why the hell Shiro never wants to take anything further.

It's not exactly what he expects.

Kiss Me Slowly

Author's Note:

-makes Shiro demi bc ME TOO DUDE-

Anyway, here's a thing I've been writing for like. Ever. This was originally going to be my thing for the nsfw big bang but I liked the sexy mermaid fic I'm doing better, soooooooo y'all get this way sooner!

AND IT'S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I WROTE SOME GOOD SHANCE.

Lance lay on the edge of his bed, feet dangling over the side, staring at the inert ceiling fan above him, wondering if he should get up there and dust it sometime soon, before spring rolled around and he turned it on for the first time and spent the next hour sneezing. He kicked his feet, toes barely brushing the floor, because his body wasn't content to lay there doing nothing, even with the music playing softly in the background to keep him focused.

Well. The music was supposed to be keeping him focused. Because Lance was supposed to be filling in his planner with his schedule for the first week of classes, but Lance and planners didn't work well together, anyway, and it had been tossed onto the rickety Goodwill table next to his bed, among a pile of multicolored highlighters.

His phone buzzed once from where it was situated a little to the left of his head, and he turned to squint at the screen, which was lit up with a reminder, letting him know he had dinner with Shiro at 7 P.M. As if he'd forget. He didn't even know why he set that reminder. Shiro was all he'd thought about since he got back from winter break: when did he get to see him again, were things gonna be awkward after a month apart, was something gonna *happen* tonight?

Lance tried not to think that way, because viewing every date as a precursor to sex and occupying his mind with *when the fuck are we finally gonna do it*

got him nowhere. Shiro hadn't made a move yet, and Lance was fine with letting him take his time.

But a month away from him was making Lance feel a little... needy. Hunk had called him thirsty enough to be actually dehydrated when he'd said he was going back to school a day early because Shiro had the day off and could take him out. In his defense, it wasn't the most ridiculous thing he'd done for somebody he was dating. It probably *was* the most his heart had ever hurt after a month apart from a significant other, and goddamn, he needed to see Shiro.

Lance frowned at the fan some more. Maybe he should get it over with and just clean it now. He had like forty-five minutes until Shiro would come to pick him up for their date, anyway. Shit, what was he gonna wear? Definitely not what he was already in. Lance was pretty sure walking into a restaurant in sweatpants and a T-shirt with his high-school swim team's logo would get him kicked out. They probably had a no-sweatpants policy. And a no-cartoon-shark policy. It was a classy place; Shiro had made them reservations because he was an adult who knew how life was supposed to work.

Maybe that was why he hadn't made a move yet. Maybe he was trying to be gentle with Lance, who was still one-point-five years from graduation and only an adult numerically. Like, sure, he was twenty-one, but he wasn't mature or anything. No way.

Fine. Lance was gonna be so fuckin' classy tonight. He was gonna show up in his fanciest jeans (blue-black and painted-on-tight) and that one blazer he owned, and he was going to order a wine that seemed like a nice one and then get carded because he still looked like he was seventeen, but whatever. He'd make some intelligent commentary on the wine or the, uh, political climate, or whatever, and *fuck*, that sounded boring. He'd much rather tell Shiro about the competition he'd had with a whole bunch of his cousins called "my boyfriend is hotter than yours," which Lance had won because Shiro deserved to be named Sexiest Man Alive and Lance was in possession of a shirtless selfie Shiro had taken in the gym locker room.

But he was supposed to be mature, or whatever. How did one maturely ask their boyfriend if there was like, a *reason* he hadn't gone any further than some casual making out after a whole three and a half months of dating? The answer is, you don't. You stare longingly at him across the table with the kind of look that says you're imagining him naked. Lance could probably make a face like that. Maybe.

Okay, maybe Lance was more than a little thirsty. He sort of felt like he'd been wandering around the desert for forty-eight hours without water.

He snatched up his phone, and opening up that very well-angled gym selfie felt like a cool drink on a summer day. For about two minutes, until Lance remembered that he'd never actually gotten to touch those abs.

It was cool, though. It was cool. Shiro wanted to take it slow, and Lance was gonna be an adult about it. Because he was pretty sure half the reason Shiro was so hesitant to do the nasty with him was because Lance was immature enough to call it "the nasty," and Shiro probably didn't want to feel like he was *babying* Lance the whole way through and oh, hey, fuck, there was the anxiety.

There were times, rare times, where Lance appreciated how easily he could be distracted. This was one.

Goddamn. Did Shiro know what he was doing when he sent that picture? He must've taken it just after getting out of the shower, because his hair was wet and slicked back away from his face. Lance wished Shiro's phone took better pictures, because he swore Shiro's chest was damp with steam from the shower. He could imagine it, though, the humid air condensing and dripping in little rivulets down his sternum.

Lance decided he might have a thing for Shiro's chest. He decided he also had a thing for the way Shiro's athletic shorts rode low on his hips, low enough that Lance could see the waistband of his boxers in the picture, just a little, nearly out of frame, stretched tight over the curve of his hip. If Lance had been there—which he wouldn't have, because Lance hadn't been in a gym locker room since high school—he would've wanted to pull those

shorts down a little more, or maybe just put his hands down the back, because Shiro had the kind of ass Lance was almost jealous of.

Lance would be that if he did, Shiro would make the nicest sound, low and kind of rumbly, like the one he made when Lance woke him up that one time by kissing his neck and shoulder. That had been a nice morning. Lance didn't stay over at Shiro's often, and when he did, Shiro was normally awake first, but one morning, Shiro had slept in because he'd been working nonstop the whole week and a half beforehand, and Lance had watched him slowly wake up. Shiro had curled closer to him like it was a reflex, and Lance pulled him in to kiss his lips, until Shiro snorted and muttered, "gotta brush my teeth first."

Sure, the way Shiro had kissed him sweetly in the kitchen after had been nice, but Lance had definitely felt Shiro's cock hard against his thigh when they were snuggled together in bed, and he would've liked to linger on that a little longer. It was another missed chance—Lance should've pulled him closer or asked if they could just stay in bed, should've let Shiro know he was *ready*. He was more than ready.

Tonight was gonna be it, he decided, scrolling through a couple other really nice pictures Shiro had sent him—the guy was a natural at the casually sexy selfie. One of his hands rested between his thighs, drifting closer to his dick, not quite certain just yet.

But then he ran across that picture of Shiro from the time he went shopping with Allura and Lotor and the two of them convinced him to put on one of those shirts with an opening in the middle of the chest, and sure, Shiro was rolling his eyes at the camera, but he also had his arms folded, which only made the whole boob window situation even more prominent.

Lance spread his fingers to zoom the picture in, so that he could see the gentle flush on Shiro's face made mercilessly visible by the fitting room lights, and shit, it was adorable as it was sexy. Lance shoved a hand in his pants and switched apps to turn on his sexiest music, then dropped the phone to the bed, because the pictures in his head were even better. Lance had a good imagination.

He wished Allura had convinced Shiro to buy that sweater. Just for personal reasons. Lance was, admittedly, a boob guy, and Shiro had the cleavage of a Victoria's Secret angel.

Lance was commando under his sweats, and his favorite song on his cleverly titled sex playlist had just come on—the one with the line about getting pushed into the bed, and *fuck*, Lance could just imagine Shiro over him. Shiro was a big guy, he'd be all-encompassing over Lance, so fucking sexy as he pinned Lance's wrists above his head and ground against him, teasing him. Lance let his free hand rest in just the place he wanted Shiro pinning it, biting his bottom lip the way he wished Shiro would.

Maybe Lance would invite Shiro over after dinner. Hunk wouldn't be home 'til tomorrow, anyway. And maybe Lance would have the balls to finally tell Shiro exactly what he wanted to do to him. How hard could it be? Just, *hey, babe, I've been thinking, you should let me sit on that dick*.

Yeah, that was definitely how he should phrase it.

He shoved his sweats down a few inches, just enough that his cock was jutting out lewdly over the waistband and wrapped his fingers around himself, timing his strokes to the pace of the music playing in the background, because if there was one thing Lance could do, it was keep a beat. He cranked the volume up louder, so that he had something to keep himself from hearing all his own little embarrassing noises, and curled his free hand in the sheets because he didn't have Shiro to hold it there.

Lance had no clue what time it was, but he was pretty sure he didn't have very long before Shiro came to pick him up for dinner. It didn't matter, anyway, he would've been picking up the pace even if he had hours to spare, because he couldn't stop thinking about Shiro *fucking* him, god, it'd be so good. Sure, Lance had only felt Shiro's cock through a few layers of clothing, but there was no kidding himself—the guy was big. It wasn't like Lance had a precise estimate of how big... okay, no, he did, and it was enough inches to make Lance real happy.

Yeah. Shiro would feel amazing inside him, his hands steadying Lance's hips as Lance rocked in his lap, because he'd ride the hell out of that man.

Lance sucked on the fingers of his free hand—obviously, he couldn't get them wet enough to actually finger himself, but the feeling of something warm and wet pressing against him had him squirming, heat flooding his stomach. He tipped his head to the side, squeezing his eyes shut so he could imagine Shiro between his spread thighs, could imagine the fingers pressed to his asshole were thicker, were about to get him ready for Shiro's cock, *fuck*.

"*Shiro*," he moaned, barely intelligible in the back of his throat, the muscles in his thighs and stomach clenching as he came, making a big fucking mess of his T-shirt, gross. Even after, though, he kept his fingers pressed to his rim, as he sighed contentedly to himself, blinking his eyes open to see...

Shiro.

His boyfriend was standing in the doorway, one hand pressed over his mouth, face bright red because he'd definitely just seen enough of that.

Not exactly how Lance wanted this evening to go.

Shiro, because he was a gentleman, politely excused himself from the room to give Lance some time to clean up and change and work himself out of a panic. Lance was determined to make sure this wouldn't turn out like that time Veronica found him trying to look up porn on her laptop, which he'd "borrowed" for "homework." That one had led to Lance avoiding eye contact with anyone in his entire house for a week.

It was less awkward than Lance expected it to be. Sure, Shiro apologized profusely and unnecessarily for walking in on him—seriously, it was Lance's fault, and he was also pretty sure that if Shiro had turned up five minutes earlier, he would've invited him to join. But Shiro mostly seemed happy to see him again, and he pulled Lance into his arms, kissed him on the cheek, told him he liked the blazer.

Maybe the evening wasn't completely ruined.

The restaurant was nice; they went to that sushi place they both liked, and Shiro expressly did not mention the fact that he'd caught Lance with both hands down his pants like half an hour ago. It was almost as if Shiro was ignoring it out of politeness, like he would if he'd walked in on a random roommate. Lance didn't know what the protocol was here, but he was pretty sure ignoring it and remaining completely sexually uninterested was not the boyfriendly thing to do.

Okay, so maybe it wasn't that bad. Shiro was just engrossed in catching up with him, listening to Lance's detailed stories about Christmas at his grandparents' house, and how his flight had almost been delayed because of a snowstorm—which made no sense; he was flying out of LAX.

Shiro held his hand over the table, and Lance tried not to think about the way he'd imagined Shiro pinning his hands down and—oh, he'd let go.

“So, I probably should have given this to you before break, since it's like, mid-January now, but I didn't actually get it until the day before Christmas Eve.” Shiro handed him a little box, wrapped in red-and-green striped paper and tied with a bow that was neat enough to tell Lance Shiro had gotten it wrapped professionally somewhere.

“Oh...” he said, turning it over in his hands, “I thought we said we weren't doing presents!”

“Yeah, I know,” Shiro said, looking a little sheepish. Of course he was the kind of person who would buy you a Christmas present even though you'd expressly said you didn't need one. “I just saw it, and I thought you'd like it.”

Lance unwrapped the paper, crumpling it into a little ball and putting it beside his napkin, which he'd started crinkling up in his anxiety. The box inside was white, embossed with the label of a jewelry store in the mall. “You get me something sparkly, Shiro?” he asked, raising an eyebrow, and Shiro just laughed.

“Just open it, Lance.”

Inside the box was a watch, with a cobalt blue face and a leather band, and Lance looked between it and Shiro about three whole times, because there was no way this thing came cheap. It was brushed steel with Roman numerals circling the face—shit, Lance was gonna have to re-learn how Roman numerals worked. “This is... oh my god, this is fancy.”

“Well, you said your old one broke, so...”

“Shit, man, my old one broke because it was like eleven dollars,” Lance said, putting it on and admiring it. Shiro must’ve chosen the color carefully; it nearly matched Lance’s eyes. “This must be... god, you don’t have to spend so much money on me, babe.”

When Shiro smiled, his eyes crinkled at the corners, and Lance wanted to jump across the table and kiss him. But that would not be classy or mature, so Lance took his hand again instead, threading his fingers between Shiro’s. “It looks good on you,” Shiro said, lifting Lance’s hand so he could kiss the inside of his wrist, just above the band. Lance hoped Shiro didn’t notice how it had him squirming in his seat a little, because that was all definitely due to sex-fantasy-related memory triggers.

It had been a nice evening, all things considered, and so Lance was a little guilty about his disappointment when it didn’t end the way he’d been picturing. Shiro cared immensely about him—that should have been enough.

Still, Lance felt a sour twinge of disappointment when, as Shiro kissed him goodbye over the center console of his car, he couldn’t bring himself to ask him to come upstairs.

Yeah, the night didn’t turn out as planned. And absolutely all of it was Lance’s fault.

Lance knew that Shiro had texted him as soon as he got home after dropping Lance off, for two reasons:

One, Shiro didn't text and drive, Lance, that's dangerous.

Two, Shiro lived ten minutes from Lance's place, if you drove the speed limit, which he did, and Lance got a text from him exactly eleven minutes after he walked through the door of his apartment.

And god, it was a fucking novel.

Shiro

Hey, I just wanted to say I'm sorry for walking in on you earlier. I was gonna say something about it but it didn't seem like great dinner conversation... I really should have knocked and I want you to know that I respect your privacy and I really didn't want to make you uncomfortable or anything. I care about you a lot and I'm so happy to have seen you again :)

He actually typed out a smiley face, because Shiro thought that was faster than using emojis. He was adorable, and Lance's face was mirroring the emoticon as he dropped onto his living-room couch, reading the message over another couple times before replying, because Lance had a habit of texting someone back without actually reading what they'd said.

Me

It's ok babe you didn't make me uncomfortable!!

Me

At least not for bad reasons...

Okay, that might've been a little suggestive. But Lance's filter was no better when he was texting, because hitting the enter button without editing was a reflex by now. Still, he squinted at the little gray bubble that indicated Shiro typing a response, unsure of whether he should regret his message yet.

Shiro

What other reasons are there haha?

Oh, okay, he was being teased now. What other reasons are there. Shiro thought he was soooo funny.

Well. Two could play at this game.

Me

Good ones obviously ;)

Lance got up and walked to the fridge to get himself a drink while he waited for Shiro's response. They only had a carton of almond milk—no way that was still good—and half a six-pack of some shitty IPA one of Lance's friends had left at the apartment last time they had a party. So, a typical college boy refrigerator.

He grabbed one of the beers and returned to the couch to find another message from Shiro:

Shiro

What kind of good ones?

Me

...you know ;)

Shiro

What are you doing?

Oh, it was *on* now. Lance was flushed with pleasure and relief, glad he hadn't completely ruined everything. Turns out, he actually might've uh, improved things.

Okay, he definitely improved things, if Shiro was sexting him. Because, even if it was typed out in actual words, Lance knew the meaning of a *wyd?* text.

Lance ran over the draft of his message like three whole times, which was three times more than usual for him, because he wanted to make absolutely sure he made laying on the couch drinking shitty beer sound sexy somehow.

Me

Not doing much, just at home having a drink. Why lol

If Shiro could play coy, Lance could too, right? He twisted the top off his beer and drank too much of it in one go, the carbonation searing the back of his throat.

Shiro

Having fun?

What the *actual* fuck. Shiro could hardly look at him earlier, but apparently being behind the keyboard had him flirtier than *Lance*. Up 'til now, he hadn't thought that was possible.

Lance took another swallow of his drink, decided it was too shitty to be worth it, and set it on the coffee table. Then he moved it onto a coaster, because if Hunk came home and found Lance leaving water stains everywhere, he'd be pissed. Lance lay sideways on the couch, glad he'd extracted himself from his skinny jeans right after getting through the door, and was still laying around in his boxers and his T-shirt.

He dropped one foot to the floor, hand resting on his stomach as he formulated his response.

Me

I am now <3

Me

You gonna ask me what I'm wearing lol?

He thought of undressing completely, just so his answer could be, "nothing at all," but with his luck, Hunk would decide to come home early or something. Also, Lance knew you were supposed to lead up to these things, take it slow. Yeah, it was definitely sexier that way.

Shiro

Am I supposed to? I literally just saw you

Me

If you think I'm still in those jeans you're crazy. Those are not laying around on the couch having a beer kind of jeans dude

He had a text halfway typed out when Shiro's next response came in, and he almost dropped his phone, supposing his "how 'bout you?" wasn't relevant anymore.

Shiro

I'm just on the bed in my boxers, it's too hot in here.

Lance was starting to feel the same, mostly because of the mental image of Shiro sprawled out on his white sheets, almost entirely naked. Lance realized he'd never actually seen Shiro's thighs before. He bet they were fantastic.

He imagined Shiro laid out like a pin-up girl, legs spread just enough to insinuate, hand resting over his chest, skin flushed with heat, and with whatever else.

Me

It's hot here too now ;)

Lance wondered if a through-the-clothes dick pic would be too much. Probably, yeah. He'd wait for Shiro to start on the whole picture-taking thing. He rested a hand over his dick in his boxers instead, absently rubbing, typing with his free hand.

Me

It was rly good to see you today btw <3 missed you a lot

Shiro's response was almost instantaneous, which meant he was either really good at texting one-handed, or he wasn't touching himself yet.

Shiro

I missed you too babe, thought about you the whole time you were gone

Yeah, Lance *bet* Shiro thought about him. Shit, that was even better than imagining him laying almost-naked in bed—Lance visualized Shiro jerking off, thinking about him, just as into it as Lance had been earlier. Fuck, that was too much, Shiro with his eyes screwed tight, mouth open, breathing hard, hand around his cock, moaning Lance's name.

He was gonna come in his pants just thinking about this man.

Me

Thinking abt me right now??

Shiro

Yeah

It was a single word, followed by nothing else, which absolutely, completely meant Shiro was over at his apartment touching himself. And he was thinking about Lance. Probably picturing him coming all over himself earlier that day—fuck, Lance seriously hadn't thought Shiro had been turned on earlier. He should've said screw dinner, let's go for round two.

Lance put a hand in his boxers, rubbing the head of his cock with his thumb, sucking a breath in between his teeth.

Me

Bet you wish I was there right?

Shiro took a long time to respond, and Lance wondered if he was finishing. He bet those abs would clench up when Shiro came, bet he'd look fucking *gorgeous*. He probably wasn't that loud, but Lance imagined him talking in that rough, half-whisper he got when he was sleepy, a lot of, *yes, god, fuck, Lance*.

Lance picked up the pace, jerking himself off harder as he pictured being with Shiro in bed instead of at his place on the couch, kneeling over him and watching Shiro come for him, breathless and only half-able to kiss him. He imagined Shiro would like to take things slow when he touched himself, kind of gentle about it, almost, and wondered what Shiro would think if Lance jerked him off the way he usually did on himself. Maybe he'd get a little overwhelmed, because it'd be more rough than usual, and he'd have his hands on Lance's sides, holding him tight, his cock pressed against Lance's in his hand—*shit*.

He hadn't checked his phone for messages, too busy picturing himself frothing against Shiro, maybe not even until they came, just gearing

themselves up for the main event.

God, he needed to get fucked.

“Shiro,” he moaned, biting his lower lip. He remembered his phone existed.

Shiro

Yeah that’d be nice. Will you be here tomorrow night?

Absolutely, he would be there tomorrow night. He would be anywhere Shiro wanted him tomorrow night, on his knees, wherever. His mouth watered like a reflex as he imagined wrapping his lips around Shiro’s cock—it’d stretch his mouth wide, fuck him all the way to his throat.

Lance didn’t respond right away, but Shiro was gonna have to cut him some slack, he was busy bringing himself to orgasm imagining Shiro inside of him for the second time that day.

He got some of it on his shirt again, fuck it all, looked like he was doing laundry tomorrow.

Lance breathed hard as he came down, moaning Shiro’s name to an empty room. It didn’t feel quite so performative this time, though, because Shiro had actually gotten him off this time—via a few texts and a lot of Lance’s imagination, but yeah, it had definitely been Shiro.

Me

Tomorrow night <3

That was about when Lance fell asleep on the couch.

He woke up two hours later with one hell of a crick in his neck and his T-shirt sticking to him unpleasantly, but he also had a text from Shiro that read, *“Goodnight, baby. Thanks for everything <3”*

When Lance drove to Shiro’s house the following evening, he rolled two stops and ran a red light. Logic (and Shiro, probably) would’ve told him

that if he followed traffic laws, he didn't run the risk of getting caught and taking eight times as long to get to Shiro's, but Lance was just pleased he managed to make the drive in six minutes.

Shiro called, "it's open!" before Lance even rang the doorbell, probably because he'd heard Lance's car pull up. This was the only case in which having a twenty-one-year-old Corolla that shrieked disturbingly when parked was a good thing.

Lance threw the door open and was on Shiro's lap on the couch within seconds. Shiro laughed, hands steadying Lance, trying to greet him in between kisses.

"How are you," he finally managed, and Lance smiled against his lips.

"Good," he said, "really good. This is what I wanted to do yesterday, damn."

"Me too," Shiro said, one hand on the back of Lance's neck as he pulled him into another kiss, more intentional and precise now that he wasn't caught off-guard.

They didn't actually make out that often, because when they'd first started dating, Lance had been nervous as hell, because uh, older guy who was like, seriously out of his league, there was *no way* Shiro would be impressed by anything he did. But Shiro always seemed to enjoy it anyway, even if he was a little more shy at first than Lance would've predicted. Still, it didn't happen often enough, because Lance had a roommate and Hunk had this thing where he didn't want to see anybody's tongue in Lance's mouth.

Because of that, Lance reserved the hardcore stuff, the kind of kisses that left his mouth tingling afterward, for when they were alone in Shiro's apartment. It was always nice, but this time was different, because this time, they weren't stopping at first base.

God. Lance was gonna have to remember not to say that out loud. Counting bases wasn't very mature and sexy of him.

He scooted a little closer to Shiro, until he wasn't sitting on his thighs, really, more on his crotch, hands resting on Shiro's chest, squeezing a little because god, he'd wanted to do that. Shiro broke the kiss, staring at him for a second, open-mouthed, like he was trying to figure out what was going on, and Lance figured he must've been doing well if he was already blowing Shiro's mind.

Except, maybe he wasn't, because when he started rocking his hips, just getting a little bit of a grind going, Shiro grabbed them and held him still, whispering, "wait, slow down a second."

Lance felt like something was squeezing his chest, because he wasn't sure exactly what it meant when he was in his boyfriend's lap and his boyfriend was telling him to stop doing the sexy things, but it didn't seem good. The worries cascaded back into his mind, running like a cold shiver down his spine: *he's not that into you, he doesn't think you're ready, maybe you really aren't ready, not for this, not with an actual boyfriend instead of a fling.*

"Oh. Uh, sorry," he said, backing up off of Shiro's lap, trying to get some distance, because touching him was starting to feel... not right. Like Shiro didn't want Lance there.

But Shiro put an arm around him, hugging him close, like he'd realized he scared the shit out of Lance. "It's okay, I'm not... I'm not upset, or anything, I just. I don't know if I'm—I don't know what I'm doing." He punctuated it with a nervous, breathy laugh.

"What the hell do you mean?" Lance asked, "I was just... I mean, I thought last night, I mean, you were, you were sexting me and stuff, so was that... not an invitation to do this in person?"

"I was what?"

"Oh my god, you're not that old, I know you know what sexting is."

"Yeah, no I know what it is," Shiro said, leaning away again, this time just so he could see Lance's face. "But that... that definitely wasn't what I was doing."

“Dude,” Lance said, fixing him with a flat stare, because this was just getting *frustratingly* ridiculous. “You said you were on your bed, basically naked, *wishing I was there!*” He nearly smacked Shiro in the nose as he gesticulated, his habit of talking with his hands when he was nervous showing itself. “How are you telling me you weren’t jerking off!”

“I *wasn’t!*” Shiro said, sounding scandalized the way Lance’s mom did when a movie had an unexpected sex scene. “I was... I mean, if you’d been there, I wouldn’t have been in my underwear, that’s... I didn’t think we were *there*.”

“What is it, then?” Lance asked, leaning in like he’d be able to read Shiro better if he got closer and squinted at him. “Are you like... not into me that way?” He tried to sound objective, but he couldn’t help but feel like it came out a little hurt.

“No. Lance, I... do you think I’m not sexually attracted to you, or something?”

“Well, yeah. Kind of. I mean, it’s been a while, and we haven’t even...” he made a vague gesture with his hands that wasn’t actually sexual, but still made Shiro go bright red.

“I,” he started, and then swallowed, taking a breath before starting again, “I know. It’s not that I don’t—I mean, I feel that way about—god, Lance, I don’t know what I’m doing.” He buried his face in his hand and Lance looked away, even though Shiro wouldn’t have seen him frowning anyway.

“As in... you don’t know why you’re dating me?” Lance was impressed at himself for managing to keep his voice from cracking through that. He was also grossed out for being impressed by that.

Shiro’s hand dropped, and he looked horrified enough to startle Lance into mirroring his expression. “No! Of course I know why I’m dating you. You’re wonderful, and amazing, and smart, and talented, and I care so much about you, I just... you might have to kind of, uh. You might have to help me out when it comes to the, well, the sex stuff.”

Lance was quiet for a second, because his brain wasn't great at processing that much stuff at once. "Okay," he said, "well. First of all, thank you, that was, well, that was pretty reassuring to hear." More than that. Shiro had this kind of earnestness about him as he spoke, like the idea that he didn't care about Lance hurt him just as much as it did Lance. "But what do you mean, about the sex stuff?"

"I don't know how to... okay, I mean, I know *how to*, it's just, I don't have a lot of—I don't have *any*, uh. Experience." His flush was creeping down his neck, now, and he wouldn't look Lance straight in the eyes. That bit was probably because Lance had gone back to closely examining him.

"Are you trying to tell me you're a virgin?"

"Yes. Yep. That's exactly what I'm trying to tell you."

Oh. Turns out, Shiro hadn't been taking things slow for Lance's benefit, and turns out, Lance was gonna have to re-think a whole lot of his sexual fantasies.

"How...?"

"How is someone as hot as me still a virgin?" Shiro asked, doing that thing where he just kind of narrowed his eyes and looked away, like a more Shiro version of an eye-roll.

"Well, I guess. I mean, that's a really fucking rude question, but. I was probably gonna ask it anyways."

"I mean," Shiro said, sinking back against the couch, the tension leaving him. The blushing stayed, though. "I don't really do... flings. And during school, I didn't have time for a lot of serious relationships. I went on a couple dates with some people, but I never really had, you know, a boyfriend. And I didn't just want to get laid for the hell of it—not that there's anything wrong with that, but I just can't picture sex with anybody I'm not in... a serious relationship with."

Lance suddenly remembered that really long two A.M. conversation in which Pidge tried to explain demisexuality to him. He was gonna have to send them a thank-you note for that.

“And, uh,” Shiro continued, “since graduation, I haven’t tried dating anyone because, well, I’ve been pretty gone on you.”

“Wait!” Lance shouted, flailing so hard he knocked one of the throw pillows onto the floor (yes, Shiro had throw pillows, because, again, he was classy as fuck). “Since graduation!? You’ve been into me for *a goddamn year and a half* and we’ve only been dating for the last three months!?”

Shiro laughed. “I’m not very good at this, I’m trying to tell you.”

Lance leaned in and kissed his lips once, closed-mouthed and soft. “Nah. You’re great at the boyfriend thing. I should’ve just told you what I wanted.”

“You can tell me what you want now,” Shiro said, drawing him in closer now that Lance had calmed and wasn’t in danger of knocking furniture about. He had an arm around Lance’s back, their foreheads touching.

“Oh god,” he said, his breathy laughter making Shiro’s nose twitch. “I want everything.”

“Everything?”

“Yeah,” Lance said, shifting closer and onto Shiro’s lap, “I think about you a lot, you know? Fantasize about you, I guess.”

“Do you, now,” Shiro said, his hands coming to rest on Lance’s hips, a little shaky. It was the only thing that betrayed his nerves, his voice as smooth and steady as always.

“I mean, yeah,” Lance said, “you’re all I think about anymore when I... well. You know.” He held onto Shiro’s shoulders, massaging the tension out of him little by little.

“And last night?” Shiro asked.

“Well, duh. I thought you were sexting me, of *course* I was imagining like, sucking your dick.”

Shiro dropped his forehead onto Lance’s shoulder and laughed nervously. “You’re gonna kill me, Lance.”

Lance paused, thinking, because his mental image of Shiro fucking his brains out was still pretty damn nice, but not really how he was picturing tonight going anymore. And Lance wasn’t gonna rush him into something dirty, even if dirty was kind of his thing. “Hey,” he said, tracing his fingers down Shiro’s back, following the lines of his shoulder blades. “I don’t know if we should do it tonight.”

“Hmm?” Shiro had tucked his face into the side of Lance’s neck and was hugging him closer, now, comfortable, like if Lance was facing the opposite direction, they could’ve just been watching TV.

“I just... I want our first time—I mean, it’s your *first* first time, I want it to be like, romantic and shit.”

“You’re pretty romantic,” Shiro said, still muffled.

“Yeah, but I mean, I want it to be, I dunno. I’m thinking flowers—roses, duh—and fancy wine and candles and all that—shit, I should make a *playlist*, and—“

“Lance.” Shiro lifted his head, thumb stroking over Lance’s cheek. “You know I don’t need all of that, right?”

And okay, Shiro was basically giving Lance an invitation to start getting nasty right there, but he found himself unable to move because, honestly, he was kind of serious about the candles and roses and wine thing. “I know,” he said, eventually, “but I want that. I think.” He took Shiro’s face in his hands and tilted his chin up until they were eye-to-eye, foreheads pressed together. “I just wanna rock your world, babe.”

Shiro smiled up at him like Lance hadn’t just said the single most dorky sentence in the history of romance. “Trust me, you already do.”

“Oh my god, you can’t with the lines, I’m gonna swoon,” Lance said, demonstratively swaying and sighing, wrist thrown over his forehead and everything. Shiro caught him before he swooned right off the couch, pulling him closer, until Lance wasn’t so much kneeling next to Shiro as plopped right in his lap. Like, right in his lap, and Shiro was kissing him, and, okay, this was right back on whatever track Lance wanted to be on.

Shiro kissed him messier than he ever had, his hands ruffling up Lance’s hair and wrinkling his T-shirt. Lance gave as good as he got, and, on his part, rocked his hips in Shiro’s lap, and this time, Shiro didn’t freeze up.

Okay, well, that wasn’t entirely true. One part of him definitely got stiff.

“Holy shit,” Lance said, around breathless laughter, “I didn’t even *do* anything, dude.”

“No, you did something,” Shiro said, and Lance caught him blushing bright red for just a second before he ducked his head and kissed down Lance’s neck.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. I’ve been thinking about this, too,” Shiro admitted, “I just... I never know how to say it.”

“Actions speak louder than words, babe,” Lance said, taking one of Shiro’s hands and placed it on his own chest, directing Shiro’s touches in a path down to his belly. “This, uh, this is okay, right?”

Shiro thought for a moment. “Depends on where this is going.”

“I was gonna go with: handjobs on the couch and then we just watch a movie or something like you actually planned,” Lance suggested. He felt a little dumb spelling it out while holding Shiro’s hand awkwardly over his stomach, and, yeah, there were probably sexier ways to phrase it. “Is that okay?”

Shiro's hand started moving of his own volition, though, trailing over Lance's stomach and his hips as he mumbled a soft, "mm-hm," and then *oh*, Lance moaned, grinding his cock against Shiro's hand as he cupped him, gentle or maybe just unsure.

"You can, uh," Lance said, as Shiro started rubbing him through his pants, "you can take it out." He wiggled on Shiro's lap a little, and Shiro sank down into the couch a little, and suddenly, Shiro's hard-on was right against Lance's ass. Oh yeah. That was a real good place for it.

"Okay," Shiro said, fingers curling in Lance's waistband, pulling it down inch by inch, and nope, Lance hadn't worn underwear under those joggers, because he was prepared.

Prepared for anything except the feeling of Shiro's hand curling around his cock, *god*, not only had it been, hah, a *while* since somebody touched him like that, Shiro's hand was also big and callused and warm and perfect. Lance thrust into his fist, and ground back against his cock, and Shiro tipped his head back, looking completely overwhelmed, his flush spreading down his neck and chest.

"Is this..." he said, his free hand clenched tight on Lance's thigh, "is this good?"

"Fuck, yes, it's good," Lance said. "But." He took Shiro's free hand, tugging up and around. "Don't you have better things you can be doing with that?"

"Like?" Shiro asked, and it wasn't coquettish, he genuinely didn't seem to know where Lance wanted him to go with this.

"I'm just saying, if you wanna feel up my ass while we do this, I won't complain," Lance said, and that was all it took to get Shiro's hand on him, groping him through his pants.

Shiro took it slow, jerking him with tentative strokes, like he hadn't quite figured out what he wanted yet. Lance realized, after a dozen or so of those, that Shiro was trying to figure out what reactions he could get out of Lance,

what made him feel best. It was a lost cause—every action had Lance moaning and whining for him, bending over him, his hands clutching Shiro's shoulders, head buried in his neck.

"Faster," he begged, and Shiro obeyed, picking up to a steady rhythm that somehow felt more natural for him—oh, fuck, this was totally how Shiro touched himself, wasn't it? Lance kissed his neck desperately, feeling like a hot fucking mess, and if the way Shiro grabbed Lance's hip with his other hand to keep it from shaking was any indication, Shiro was feeling about the same.

Lance rocked his hips back a little harder, so he could feel Shiro's cock against him, and god, even through fabric, he could tell how big it was. He couldn't find it in himself to be embarrassed by the way his mouth watered.

Shiro wasn't loud by any standard, no, but Lance relished every sound he got out of him, Shiro's deep moans resonating right to the core of him. Then he started talking, a quiet stream of nonsense that was mostly Lance's name.

Fuck, Lance was gonna come like this, after what had to have been like five minutes, because Shiro was so goddamn sexy like this, breathing hard, his shirt riding up as Lance's knees pushed against his torso, wrapping his legs tighter around Shiro.

"I'm close," he said, and Shiro responded with another soft groan, didn't even slow down a little.

Lance felt hotter than he could ever remember being, almost feverish, and he dropped his hands from Shiro's shoulders to feel up his chest, because his pecs were a goddamn work of art and Lance got to touch them all he wanted, okay? Shiro got louder but no more coherent, and as Lance started warning him again ("I'm gonna come, baby, yeah, like that") he squeezed tighter, stilling, forcing Lance to fuck his fist and yeah, that was something Lance could definitely do.

He came down Shiro's wrist and forearm, face pressed hard against Shiro's shoulder to keep himself from screaming.

“You okay?” Shiro asked, because Lance had sagged bonelessly against him.

He replied with an emphatic *”fuck.”* Shiro seemed to take that as a yes, and he chuckled, nuzzling into Lance’s hair, hands rubbing circles into his back.

Lance realized that he was too far up to even be on Shiro’s dick anymore and he sat up, reaching underneath himself, because he wasn’t fucking rude, he was gonna return that favor. “Lemme do you,” he said, reaching for Shiro’s waistband, and Shiro grabbed his wrist, stopping him.

“You don’t have to.”

“I wanna, though,” Lance said, “I mean, you just—I want to get you back. Return the favor, or whatever. ”

Shiro chuckled, but followed it up immediately with a sigh. “No, I mean you don’t have to.”

Oh. Oh.

“On a completely, totally unrelated note, can you let me up?” Shiro asked. “And if I come back with different pants on, that’s completely, totally unrelated, too.”

Ohhhh.

“Alright, yeah, I guess I’ll allow it,” Lance said, sinking smugly into the couch, because yeah, he did that. He just made Shiro come in his pants because he was awesome at sex. Or because Shiro was a virgin and this was literally his first time doing anybody a sexual favor. One or the other.

When Shiro came back he was wearing different pants, yep. He wedged himself onto the couch next to Lance, effectively squishing him between the cushion and Shiro’s body.

“Proud of yourself?” Shiro asked, because Lance must’ve been radiating self-satisfaction.

“Yep. Mostly about the ‘having an adult conversation about my relationship’ part, but I’m also pretty proud of making you lose it like that.” He grinned, snuggling up closer to Shiro, arms around him, because it was officially cuddling time.

Shiro let out a shaky breath and hugged him a little tighter. “That was really good,” he said, pressing a kiss to Lance’s hair, and then another. “Thanks, baby. You make me feel so good.”

Lance wished he could record that and make it his ringtone, or something. He stumbled through his next couple sentences, trying not to say that particular sentiment aloud. “You’re, uh, you’re welcome? Oh god, that’s weird. I’m—I’m glad it felt good,” he settled on, burrowing his face into Shiro’s chest, and deciding that if something was gonna suffocate him at some point, this’d be pretty nice. “Sorry. I apparently don’t get any less awkward post-coitus.”

“I like that about you,” Shiro said, and Lance, as usual, wasn’t really sure how, but he was glad Shiro did.

— — —

Lance was in class, checking his phone under the table, when he got the text.

Shiro

Do you want to come over tonight?

It was a couple days after the awkward “Lance, I wasn’t sexting you” conversation had turned into handjobs on Shiro’s couch, a Thursday, and Lance didn’t have his 8 A.M. class the next morning, and Shiro knew Lance didn’t have his 8 A.M. class the next morning. Excitement coursed through him, because there were so many new and exciting implications. Should he start making a playlist for this?

Me

Yeah! What time?

He and Shiro settled the rest of the details between snatches of Lance paying attention to the lecture: they were gonna have dinner at that place Lance liked with the really fancy grilled cheese and then head back to Shiro's place after, for "a movie or something," and Lance was practically bouncing out of his seat with anticipation, because he really wanted to know what the or something was.

The person sitting next to Lance seemed annoyed with the way his knee kept bouncing throughout the rest of the lecture, but there was really no other way to exert his nervous energy and no way to explain that he was freaking out because his boyfriend might maybe have sex with him that night.

The nervous energy didn't exactly leave him before dinner, and it doubled back tenfold as the two of them drove back to Shiro's place, Shiro's hand in his over the center console. If there was a way to get out of the car without letting go of his hand, Lance would've done it. That was physically impossible, but he darted around the car and grabbed Shiro's hand again as soon as he could. Shiro just smiled and pulled him in a little closer.

Shiro's place was, as always, pleasantly cluttered and warm, smelling like linen-scented air freshener. Shiro shrugged out of his coat and took Lance's for him, which was pretty normal, Shiro was nothing if not a perfect gentleman.

Lance was a little less proper.

"Sooo. You got any plans for tonight?" he asked, trying to sound casual, like he was talking about what movie they'd watch and not whether Shiro planned on getting naked with him. He didn't think he quite got that vibe across.

"Yeah, actually," Shiro said, with the kind of anxious smile that made Lance want to start jumping around the room fist-pumping, because this felt a lot like Lance, you were right, this is definitely a sex date. "I wanted to show you something."

Lance just narrowly avoided saying is it in your pants, only because Shiro started walking for the bedroom door, and Lance was busy tripping over his

own feet trying to follow Shiro as closely as possible.

When he opened the door, it took Lance a second to adjust, both to the low lighting and the fact that he was seriously not expecting Shiro's bedroom to look like this.

His bed, which was normally a little rumpled, was immaculate, charcoal-gray sheets stretched out without a single wrinkle in them, duvet folded neatly at the end, a wrapped bouquet of roses sitting on the pillows. The room was scattered with candles, which Shiro was lighting, a lot of tiny white tea lights, and a giant scented candle that Shiro burned almost every night, which smelled like lavender. There was a wine bottle on the bedside table, next to a pair of glasses, the only two wineglasses Shiro had that actually matched.

"What. Oh my god. You did the thing," Lance said, pointing between the roses and the candles and the everything.

Shiro had fixed him with a wry smile, like he was waiting for Lance to finish freaking out. "I, uh. Yeah, I did the thing," he agreed, setting the lighter back down. He took a step closer to Lance and then scooped up both of Lance's hands in his, standing close enough that their foreheads brushed. "I really wanted to make this special."

Lance realized, not for the first time, that he was dating a hopeless romantic, and he smiled, leaning in close enough to hug Shiro. He smelled like that cologne Lance liked and like he'd showered before they left for dinner. "You know you didn't have to do all this for me," Lance said, "this is about you, after all."

"It's about both of us," Shiro corrected him, gently, and pulled him in the direction of the bed.

"I guess so," Lance said, following Shiro onto the bed, kicking his shoes off so he could curl up next to him. Shiro didn't quite settle in because he was busy moving the flowers and opening the bottle. For as well-put-together and prepared as Shiro appeared, Lance could sense a little anxiety from

him, like he didn't know how to transition from the sweet romantic part to the sex part.

Lance figured that all started with a glass of wine, so he took the glass Shiro was offering and drank, very aware that Shiro was watching him. He was thankful he didn't accidentally swallow wrong or spill some on himself or some other stupid thing only he'd manage to do when somebody was watching him intently. He took another sip before resting his head on Shiro's shoulder, settling in when Shiro's arm wrapped around him. He watched Shiro's throat moved as he swallowed a drink of wine, and played idly with the edge of Shiro's shirt, which was one of those fancy T-shirts that was really soft and clung to his body in the way that advertised how often Shiro lifted weights.

"This is nice," Lance said, referring to both the wine and the company, and Shiro made a little hum of agreement, his fingers tracing patterns on Lance's shoulder, moving just a touch too fast to be completely relaxed. "Doing alright?"

"Yeah," Shiro said, around another drink. "I'm fine. Just a little on edge, I guess."

"How come?"

Shiro ducked his head when he spoke again, so that his breath was warm against Lance's temple. "Because I've been thinking about this non-stop," he said.

"Really?" Lance had been determined not to start anything until the two of them actually finished the wine, but he was starting to think maybe they could do post-sex drinks instead, and his hand became a fist in the hem of Shiro's shirt. "What have you been thinking about?"

"Stuff," Shiro said, teasing a little. He set his glass on the nightstand even though it was only half-empty, and accepted Lance's to do the same when he handed it over.

"What kinda stuff?"

“I was thinking,” Shiro shifted, until he leaned over Lance instead of resting beside him, hands planted in the pile of pillows behind Lance, legs on either side of his lap, “that maybe you’d like it if you had me inside you instead of your fingers.”

There was only one answer to that, and it was resounding.

“Yes. Yep. I want to do that. Let’s do that,” Lance said, still clinging to Shiro’s shirt, but this time, to draw him forward and kiss him.

He kissed Shiro for a long time, longer than he ever had in one stretch, which was strange to think about, but he wanted to keep going until Shiro relaxed, and it took time. He petted the back of Shiro’s neck and ran a hand up and down his spine while they kissed, and Shiro’s hands finally settled on his sides instead of in the pillows. Shiro still wasn’t resting his weight on Lance entirely, leaning over him with a few inches of space between them. It didn’t seem like the most comfortable position, and Lance wasn’t sure if he was doing it because he feared he’d crush Lance or because he was easing himself into it slowly. His touches remained remarkably chaste, even though Lance had given Shiro permission to fuck him, and sure, he wanted Shiro to move at his own pace, but if they kept going at this speed, they wouldn’t get it in until tomorrow morning.

All it took was Lance lifting a knee, so his thigh brushed Shiro’s crotch. As he lowered it, Shiro sank to the bedsheets with him, straddling Lance and going easily when Lance tugged him closer, aligning him so he could grind his cock against Shiro’s. Shiro moaned against Lance’s mouth, the sound turning into a hum muffled between them, and Lance answered it with a gasp. Shiro was hard already, and Lance was sure as hell getting there, too. His hands fell to Shiro’s chest just as an instinct—he rested them there sometimes when they kissed—but this time, he squeezed, because Shiro’s pecs were deserving of a spot up there on the list of natural wonders of the world.

”Oh,” Shiro breathed as Lance’s fingertips dug in. He wasn’t entirely sure if it was a good “oh” or a bad “oh.”

“Okay?”

“Yeah.” Shiro’s voice sounded rough, and Lance couldn’t be blamed for the way he immediately wondered what he’d sound like if he’d had a dick down his throat. It was a natural reaction. “Didn’t expect that to feel good.”

“That’s good,” Lance said, “‘Cause I like doing it.” He squeezed again, his thumb running across Shiro’s chest until it caught on his nipple, hard through his T-shirt. “God, Shiro, I’ve dated girls who didn’t have tits like this.”

He started wondering how Shiro would look in lingerie, that is, if he could find some in a size that’d fit Shiro, but he stopped when Shiro pushed his hands away, laughing. “Shut up, Lance,” he said, more out of embarrassment than anything, but he reached behind his head to pull his shirt off anyways.

Lance put his hands right back where they’d been, and it was even better with Shiro’s shirt off.

It took them some doing to get both of them out of their clothes, mostly because they kept trying to kiss each other at the same time, which wasn’t really conducive to taking pants off. But they did both end up naked, eventually, and Lance was lying back with Shiro between his thighs, and holy shit.

Like, sure, Shiro was a big dude, but Lance had been trying to be realistic in his expectations of what he’d look like naked, and he didn’t actually see Shiro’s dick last time, but he, uh, was gonna have to add an inch and a half to his mental picture, there.

Shiro looked vaguely horrified, probably because Lance was staring at his dick, so he shook his head and remembered Shiro’s eyes were up there. “You’re so hot,” he said, “holy shit.” He yanked Shiro down to sloppily press their mouths together again—it couldn’t really be called kissing, especially since he kept talking through it. “I want you so bad,” he said, his desire bleeding through in a little whine.

“I want you, too,” Shiro said, and Lance was gonna have to engineer a way to get Shiro to say that a dozen more times, because it was probably his

favorite thing he'd ever heard.

But there were a few things that had to happen before Shiro could, uh, have him.

"You've got lube, right? Please tell me you have lube."

"Of course I do," Shiro said, like he was offended Lance would even imply he might not. He opened the drawer on his bedside table, slowly, so he didn't shake it enough to knock the wine over, and came back with a small bottle and a condom.

Oh god, this was happening.

Lance had been imagining this for months, and now that he was finally minutes from doing it, he froze. "You're sure this is okay?" he asked, even though he knew he'd be crushed if the answer was no. "It's... it's alright if you wanna stop, anytime, even though you set all of this up, I just don't want you to feel like—"

"Lance."

He stopped mid-ramble, and Shiro bent to kiss him once more.

"I've never wanted anybody this much."

It made Lance flush deeper, made his break eye contact with Shiro and dissolve into nervous laughter. "Oh god, I don't think anybody's ever said that about me," he said, "don't think anybody ever will again."

"I will," Shiro said, like it was simple, ducking his head to kiss under Lance's jaw, making him tip his head to the side to give Shiro more space to work.

"God, I'm suddenly just—" Lance reached for the lube, but he was slow-moving because Shiro's mouth was distracting, "—like, really glad I kept running into you Freshman year and being an embarrassing little shit all the time."

“Glad I met you, too.” Shiro dropped another gentle kiss on his collarbone, then rested his head on Lance’s shoulder. If they hadn’t been naked and Lance hadn’t been lubing up his fingers, it would’ve been a nice position to take a nap in.

As it were, the position was creating some issues. “Shiro,” Lance said, nudging him with his elbow to avoid getting his slippery fingers all over Shiro, “you gotta get off me or I can’t get down there—“

“Get down wh—oh.” Shiro obligingly gave him some space, and Lance reached down between his legs, leaning his head against Shiro’s shoulder while he touched himself, working in two fingers at once. Shiro watched his hand move, even though he definitely couldn’t see Lance’s fingers from that angle. His imagination seemed to be doing perfectly well for him, though, and he petted Lance’s hair and rubbed his shoulder, gentling him through it even though Lance certainly didn’t need it. This, he was used to, not just from past partners but from nights (and afternoons, and sometimes mornings) when he thought about Shiro.

It was different with Shiro actually here, though, and Lance’s thighs fell open faster, his body felt hotter, his eyes actually stayed open for once, so he could watch the haze of arousal filtering over Shiro’s face while he watched Lance move. It made Lance want to go fuck it, this is good enough, but he really couldn’t go into this half-ready, not when Shiro’s dick was that—yeah. Huge.

“Can I help?” Shiro asked, like Lance was gonna say no to that.

“Yes. Hell yes. Please,” he said instead, passing the lube to Shiro, and curling his own fingers until he found the right spot and his back arched, his head falling back in a moan.

Shiro laid next to him instead of hovering over him, and Lance propped up a knee so Shiro could get his fingers in there, and Lance gripped his arm as he did, having become unused to the feeling of somebody else’s appendages up there. Shiro went slow, his movements clumsy and unpracticed, but his fingers were thicker than Lance’s, and the stretch alone was nearly enough to get him to the point where he was ready for a lot more than fingers.

Not quite, though.

“Spread them wider,” Lance said, rocking his hips, fucking himself back on Shiro’s fingers. Shiro obeyed, the stretch just on the pleasant side of painful, and Lance encouraged him with a soft, “yeah, like that.”

It didn’t last long, because Lance was unbearably turned on and he wanted more, now, and he was about two seconds from begging for it when Shiro asked, “you ready?”

“So ready,” he said, his chest heaving with a breath on each of the words. “C’mon, Shiro, fuck me.”

Shiro fumbled with the condom for a second, then another second, long enough that Lance realized oh, shit, he probably didn’t know what he was doing with that. “I haven’t done this before,” he said, apologetic as could be.

That’s fine, big guy, it’s not like I’m gonna complain about touching your dick,” Lance said, taking over for him.

Shiro kissed him, sucked on his bottom lip, his hands resting on Lance’s thighs. They shook a little, like Shiro had too much excess energy, and it was making him tremble.

“How do you want me?” Lance asked, and Shiro’s fingers squeezed.

“I want you any way you’ll let me have you.”

Lance paused, speechless for just a moment, and then he swayed into Shiro, putting his arms around his waist. “You’re adorable,” he said, “but seriously, what position do you wanna...?”

“I’d like to see your face,” Shiro said, almost shy but completely honest.

“Okay.” Lance kissed him at the corner of his mouth. “So, do you wanna fuck me, or do you want me to ride you?”

The look Shiro leveled him with made Lance feel like he was immolating from somewhere deep in his belly. "I want to fuck you."

"Okay. Uh. Yep. Yeah. God you're so fucking hot." Lance squirmed until he was positioned so he couldn't open his legs any wider.

Shiro chuckled, but he sobered up as he settled himself between Lance's legs. "How should I...? I don't want to hurt you."

"Just go slow," Lance said, more than certain he wouldn't be going slow if he was on top of Shiro. It was probably best that they'd decided to do it like this.

"Alright," Shiro said, kissing Lance on the forehead of all places, like he had to calm him, and with the way Lance was moaning and whimpering for him, maybe he did need it. Shiro glanced down to line himself up, and then he pushed forward, eyes wide either because of the feeling or because he hadn't expected Lance's legs to wrap around his waist right away. Lance wasn't sure why, if it was the latter. He thought he'd made it pretty clear he wanted to be as close to Shiro as physically possible.

Shiro was breathing hard and uneven, the tail ends of his exhales hitching on moans and quiet repetitions of Lance's name. He wasn't even all the way in and he looked like he was about to lose it, and Lance had to press his mouth to Shiro's collarbone to keep from going on a long, rambling treatise on how much he loved Shiro.

Loved Shiro.

Huh. That was new.

Shiro moved slow, a little unsteady, but Lance clung to him like Shiro was pounding him, burying his face in the crook of Shiro's neck, letting loose his litany of praises until Shiro fucked them right off his lips and all he could do was continue to make those embarrassing noises.

As his movements sped up, Shiro leaned back, so Lance's head dropped back to the pillows, and Shiro took his face in one hand, directing Lance

into another long series of kisses. Lance wasn't quite sure why (except that Shiro really liked kissing) until Shiro slowed, gathering Lance more fully into his arms, no longer thrusting into him.

The first thing Shiro said was, "oh, Lance." The second thing Shiro said was, "I'm sorry."

Lance felt better about the first than the second, but he couldn't get out more than "wha...?"

"I didn't last that long."

"Oh. You already...?"

"Yeah." Shiro pulled out of him and gingerly dropped the condom in the trash, but he didn't leave any more time for Lance to wonder if he planned on doing anything else. He tumbled Lance onto his side and spooned up behind him, kissing down his shoulder as he wrapped a hand around Lance's cock.

"God," Lance moaned, because if Shiro was this good with no practice whatsoever, what kind of sex demon was he gonna become once he figured out what he was doing?

"I know how to do this part," Shiro joked, and Lance could feel his teeth on the shell of his ear.

It didn't take long for Lance, either, because he'd been having wet dreams to this effect for months, and then Shiro started telling him how good he was doing, how amazing he felt, how Shiro had wanted this for so long, how Shiro would let Lance have him however he wanted.

Listening to all of that, in that voice, would be enough to make anybody come, whether or not they were getting a handjob. Lance arched into it, his shoulders pressing to Shiro's chest, fingers wrapping around Shiro's arm to keep him close even after the deed was finished.

Shiro kissed his neck, softer than anybody ever had, and Lance felt like he should be the one comforting him, but he also couldn't bring himself to move from Shiro's embrace.

"Are you doing okay?" Lance asked. Shiro was still breathing hard, and it made the hair on the back of Lance's neck stand up.

"Better than 'okay,' but yes," Shiro said. His palm settled on Lance's chest and then shifted, so it was over his heart.

"Better?" Lance rolled in his arms, until he was on his back with his side against Shiro and stretched, liking the way Shiro's palm followed the arch of his torso. He'd gotten even touchier now that he'd gotten the nerves fucked out of him.

"Yeah, better. I'm... I'm great," Shiro said, turning Lance the rest of the way until they were pressed chest-to-chest and, soon after, mouth-to-mouth. "Shit," Shiro said, quieter than somebody should swear, as the kiss broke. "I wanna do that again." Like he was surprised it'd been good enough to want to repeat. Lance knew, of course, that it was because Shiro definitely belonged somewhere on the asexual... plane? Spectrum? Zone? But he couldn't help his reply.

"Of course you do, I was fantastic."

Shiro chuckled, and then just watched him, brushing his sweaty bangs off his forehead, tracing the curve of his face. This was the most intimate moment so far, Lance thought, including the part where Shiro had been inside him. Shiro wasn't smiling, his mouth busy tracing a path across the vein in Lance's wrist, but Lance could see it in his eyes, where the corners wrinkled in ways that were going to be crow's feet when Shiro got older.

"Thank you," Shiro said, and then paused, thinking. "For... I don't know what for. For putting up with me, I guess."

"Oh, yeah, I really had to put up with my super hot boyfriend, the most attractive person I've ever seen, fucking me real good and stuff. A trial. Really."

It was flatly sarcastic enough to get a loud laugh out of Shiro. “Thank you anyways.”

“Of course, Shiro.”

Shiro's eyes flickered behind his shoulder and then back to Lance. “So, um. You want to finish the wine?”

They finished the bottle between the two of them, pulling the sheets and the duvet around themselves, still naked, pressed together under the blankets. Lance had briefly disappeared to the bathroom to get cleaned off, and when he'd returned, Shiro had extinguished most of the candles and had turned on the lamp near his bed instead, so he wouldn't have to get out of bed and do it later. The roses had been placed into a pitcher, because Shiro didn't have a vase, but they were still on the bedside table, and Lance was certain Shiro would send him home with them the following morning.

They talked like they always did, about Lance's classes and Shiro's job, as the wine disappeared, but it was interspersed with Shiro pulling Lance into his arms and kissing him for long bouts whenever he finished a glass and they didn't have to worry about it spilling on the sheets.

Lance had seen Shiro drunk once, but it'd been before they started dating. He was basically the same as he was now, giggly and handsy—Lance remembered not being able to find a seat at the party and then remembered Shiro pulling him straight into his lap, his heart racing as he tried his best not to make it too... anything.

Now, though, Lance willingly sat as close to Shiro as possible, legs over his lap, goosebumps popping up on them when Shiro's hand ran further up Lance's thigh than he expected.

“Can you stay over tonight?” Shiro asked him eventually, not like either of them would be driving him home.

“Yeah, of course,” Lance said. “Just make sure I actually get up for class tomorrow.”

“It’s not ’til ten.”

“You’re still gonna have to make sure I get up.” Lance pecked him on the cheek, like he was kissing one of his sisters goodbye, exaggerated just a little to make Shiro smile again. “Night, babe.”

Shiro paused as Lance shuffled underneath the covers, looking between him and their clothes on the floor. “I don’t think I want to sleep naked,” he decided after a moment. “Feels weird.”

“Mmkay,” Lance said, although he’d prefer to have Shiro as naked as possible. He couldn’t exactly request that Shiro not put his clothes back on, though. “D’you mind if I do?”

“No,” Shiro said, after a moment of consideration. He opened his dresser drawer to find a clean pair of boxers and Lance definitely did not stare at his ass the whole time, except that he did.

Shiro finally followed him to bed, and Lance fell asleep with Shiro warm against his back. Shiro held him close like he needed him there, and Lance wouldn’t even think of moving.

He woke like that the next morning, before his alarm was set to go off, because Shiro was kissing his neck, mouth moving over the marks he’d left there last night. It was gentle enough that it wouldn’t have woken Lance alone, but the feeling of something pressing against his ass, hot and hard and yep, definitely Shiro’s dick.

“What time is it?” Lance asked, grinding back against him, just a little. The action didn’t go unnoticed. Shiro moaned and pressed his lips harder to Lance’s neck, making his hickies sting.

“Early,” he said, “sorry.”

“Oh,” Lance sighed, pushing back again, “you don’t need to apologize. Just tell me good morning.”

He could feel Shiro's smile fit to the curve of his shoulder. "Good morning, Lance."

"Sure as hell is."

Author's Note:

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